BODLEIANA BIBLIOTHECA

THE ADVICE OF TORY to WHIGG;

On *Munday* the 18th of *September*, 1682.

Setting forth their Miſtarriages, in the preſent Conteſt for Sheriffs.

Whigg. WELL met *Tory*, where ſo faſt?

Tory. To no Conventicle, you may aſſure your ſelf.

Whigg. Why may not you go to Conventicles, as well as Mr. *Hilton*? I ſuppoſe you love them alike.

Tory. If you, and ſuch as you would obey the King's Laws; Mr. *Hilton* need not frequent Conventicles.

Whigg. Well! But to wave Heats, I ſpoke to you in Love; what if we be of contrary Opinions, are things grown to that paſs, that a *Whigg* muſt not ſpeak to a *Tory*? Perhaps I had ſome buſineſs with you.

Tory. If you have, let's goe to the next Tavern; and not talk in the Street, for indeed, I am to meet one, or two, and fear I have outſtaid my time.

Whigg. Are none of them Evidences? Dare a Man truſt himſelf with you?

Tory. Who raiſes Heats now? Prithee, get ye about your buſineſs; if you ſuſpect me.

Whigg. Well! Come, I'le venture my ſelf with you, as far as one Pint goes. *(they goe together)*

Tory. What Wine are you for?

Whigg. I am for a Glaſs of the beſt Canary, to raiſe my Spirits againſt to Morrow;

Tory. Why? Whats to be done to Morrow?

Whigg. How ſtrange you make on't? Are we not ſent for to another Common-Hall.

Tory. I know not, whither you are or not, there are a good many of you, come without ſending for; and without having any buſineſs there; or elſe, we need not to have had, the noiſe has been of late; for my part, I hardly knew, there was to be a Common-Hall to morrow; and I much queſtion, whither you are ſummoned.

Whigg. I Queſtion, if any *Whigg* is Summoned; but one of our Friends, adviſed me to be there; to proteſt againſt any new Election, and to obſerve the Motions of the Day; and if we cannot cry it down by noiſe, we will not ſtand by for Cyphers; whilſt with their new faſhioned Poles, and Inventions, they ſet up who they pleaſe; we can with a *Salvo Jure*; doe as they do, and perhaps beat them, with their own Weapons.

Tory. You are a pack of *Salvo Fools*; the Courſe you take, is not the way to ſave your Rights; but to looſe them; you fall into Pits which you dig your ſelves; And, becauſe you pretend to be the ſober Party; and that the *Tories* have no other Arguments, but their Huzza's. It's your grand miſtake; be patient a little, and hear me; I'le ſhew you in ſeveral things, how you pull miſcheifs upon your own heads.

Whigg. Well,

Whigg. Well, pray speak, I was never so Wedded to my own Opinion, but that I can hear Reason.

Drawer. Sir, Here are some Gentlemen Two Pair of Stairs enquire for you.

Tory. Tell them, I'le wait upon them Immediately.

Whigg. I am loth to part now; we was just entring into discourse.

Tory. You must excuse me, for I have business of great concern with the Gentlemen above, therefore cannot as I Intended, enter into the beginning of the matter; How you *Whiggs* have from time to time, pull'd on the Execution of the Laws upon your selves, and tis the ill mannagement of your selves, about the Choice of Sheriffs, and the Factious method that you follow, which provokes Magistrates to slight you; and to take measures, without your advice; you loose your selves by your Noise and by your Impatient untiming it; You will admit of no manner of order, either in Court of Aldermen, Common Hall, or elsewhere; I tell you, your rash Hollowing is against your Interest, It looks as if you designed Disorder. At the last Common-Hall, what though Men were put up that you did not approve, before the Common-Cryer could say, *So many of you that will have, &c.* You set a hollowing, & guest his meaning, so that Thousands of you did not truly know why you Hollowed, or who you held up your Hands for. If the *Torys* were about to wrong you, could not you have patience to hear them out, what they would be at; I my self that Day saw a great *Whigg* cry out, (when it was moved to have part of an old Statute Read,) *No, No, Read, Read, No, No,* according as he Imagined the sound came from the *Hustings*; so that I Observ'd, He, and others, as often cryed out against their own Party, as otherwise; and had the matter been concluded by the greatest noise, their own noise had given it against them.

Likewise in the last Court of Aldermen; What if the Loyal Petition, did grate a little against your four Papers; or suppose it had been false, (as it was not) was it like Men? To Hiss, and Hollow, whilst it was Reading, did they serve you so in any of your four Papers? Do you expect respect in a Court, and use a Court with that disrespect, would you your selves, if in their places hearken? First, to him that abused you; No, I am sure, you would make him stay till last; if you heard him at all.

And do you think, your *Elephant* does your Cause any good? By publishing in Print, these your Disorders; or rather publishing Coppies, by which you learn Disorder, for commonly he Prints all you doe, before its done, and when he does otherwise, is not content with the bare Relation of the thing it self; but it must be made up with his reflections; Although against the most Eminent Magistrates of the City. *Whigg.* I could give thee a larger account, of the nature of this Beast; but that I am staid for, by the Gentlemen above; Therefore, for the present, I must take leave, wishing the *Whiggs* more Wit; and their *Elephant* more Manners.

FINIS.

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